# Spirit of the Age.

A Weekly Family Journal; Devoted to Temperance, Literature, Education, Agriculture and News of the Day.

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## ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For the Spirit of the Age.

"THE HIRELING AND THE SLAVE, CHICORA AND OTHER POEMS, by William J. Grayson," Charleston, S. C., McComber & Co., 1856.

* The author of these poems is a gentleman of distinction in his native State, S. Carolina. He has been a politician and a member of Congress, but has quit for many years, we believe, these beaten paths, and turned a worshiper of the Muses. There are two Poems in this volume of considerable length, but we think "Chicora," perhaps, the most successful. It is certainly superior in incident, and possibly more felicitous in the manner of treatment. "The Hireling and the Slave," is a graphic picture of slavery, placed in striking contrast to the Hireling system of labor now in use in England and other countries. It contains also many pleasing descriptions of scenery, related in a quiet, musing, rythmical style. Mr. Grayson has evidently been an industrious student, and we venture to say, that those authors held in most precious remembrance by him, are of that number who express their sentiments and emotions in direct, concise, manly language. At any rate, his own style is pure and distinct—the very antipodes of a certain school of writers, who display their greatest ingenuity in curiously collocating their words, and in concealing their meaning by ambiguous phraseology. Nothing in his language is hidden or internecinal. He is not a very original poet, we should think, perhaps more of an echo than a real voice But his versification is vigorous and not infrequently mellifluous and limpid and the current of his thoughts clear and deep.—His imagination is not of that exalted order which can transmit every thing into the fine gold of art, but rather belongs to that class which delights to revel in scenic description; in portraying the deep serenity and happiness which fills the life of the just man in his quiet home, and in exposing the despicable shams, and hollow mockery of those fond enthusiasts, who would have you believe the negro capable of being so transformed, by their magical plan of amelioration, that Cuffy with his woolly head and skin of ebony existing no longer, would be changed into a being of light and loveliness, fit only to dwell amid the detectable shades of Sydney's wondrous Arcadia, or in the mysterious realms of More's Utopia. He applies the knife with microscopic skill to those inflated humbugs, who under the name of philanthropy, vampire like, would fatten on the blood of their southern neighbors, who sow broadcast the seeds of discontent and misery, and who with Mephistophelean malignancy and power use their tongues to plant discord and engender civil strife.

He is the constant and eloquent friend of the negro, not like James Montgomery in his "West Indies," but the true friend nevertheless, because he sees the condition of the slave, is to-day a thousand times better than that of the African, living in his native deformity amid the dark jungles of his home But we must give some extracts that the reader may be enabled to see whether or not the metal of our author has the clear, genuine ring of gold. America is the land of the oppressed, and to our shores the down-trodden nations of Europe has been. So it is now, and so it was in the past. Amongst other races the Huguenots sought an asylum upon our western shore. Their coming is described in the following beautiful and impressive language:

"To exile flying from a perjured state,
From royal bigotry and papal hate;
The Huguenot, among his ancient foes,
Found shelter ere and undisturbed repose;
Sad the long look the parting exile gave
To France receding on the rising wave!
Her dasied meads shall smile for him no more,
Her orchards furnish no autumnal store,
With memory's eye alone the wanderer sees
The vine-clad hills, the old familiar trees,
The castled steep, the noonday village shade,
The trim quaint garden where his childhood played;
No more he joins the labor of the fields,
Or shares the joy the merry vintage yields;
Gone are the valley homes, by sparkling streams
That long shall murmur in the exile's dreams,
And temples, where his sires were wont to pray,
With stern Farel and chivalrous Mornay—
Scenes with long treasured memories richly fraught,
Where Sully counseled, where Coligni fought,
And Henri's meteor plume in battle shone,
A beacon-light to victory and a throne."

We think the reader will join with us in pronouncing this *poetry*, and that too of a superior kind! To us the tread of the poet in these verses is indeed majestic.—One more excerpt and we pass on to "Chicora" the other long poem in the collection. There are many other passages we had marked, but our limited space will not allow us to give them. We must content ourself with the following picture, which every Southern reader will recognize as no less truthful than graphic

"No ennui clouds, no coming cares annoy,
Nor wants nor sorrows check the Negro's joy.
His, too, the christian privilege to share
The weekly festival of praise and prayer;
For him the Sabbath shines with holier light
The air grows balmier, and the sky more bright;
Spring with new flowers more richly strews the ground,
And summer spreads a fresher verdure round.
The early shower is past; the joyous breeze
Shakes pattering rain-drops from the rustling trees,
And with the sun, the fragrant offsprings rise
From Nature's coursers to the bounteous skies;
With cheerful aspect, in his best array,
To the far forest church he takes his way;
With kind salute the passing neighbor meets,
With awkward grace the morning traveller greets,
Rejoice[d] [illegible] that gathers as he goes,
Seeks the calm joy the Sabbath morn bestows.
There no proud temples to devotion rise,
With marble domes that emulate the skies,
But bosomed deep in ancient trees, that spread
Their limbs o'er mouldering mansions of the dead,
Moss-cinctured oaks and solemn pines between,
Of modest wood, the house of God is seen,
By shaded springs, that from the sloping land
Bubble and sparkle through the silver sand,
Where high o'er arching laurel blossom's blow,
Where fragrant bays breathe kindred sweets below,
And elm and ash their blended arms entwine
With the bright foliage of the mantling vine:
In quiet chat, before the hour of prayer,
Masters and slaves in scattered groups appear;
Loosed from the carriage, in the shades around,
Impatient horses neigh and paw the ground;
No city discords break the silence here,
No sounds unmeet the listener's ear;
But rural melodies of flocks and birds,
The lowing, far and faint, of distant herds;
The mocking-bird, with minstrel pride elate,
The partridge whistling for its absent mate,
The thrush's solitary note prolong,
Bold, merry blackbirds swell the general song;
The crested cardinal, of scarlet hue,
The jay, with restless wing of softer blue,
The cawing crow—upon the loftiest pine
Cautious and safe—their various voices join.
When now the pastor lifts his earnest eyes,
And hands outstretched, a suppliant to the skies,
No rites of pomp or pride beguile the soul,
No organs peal, no clouds of incense roll,
But line by line untutored voices raise,
Like the wild birds simple notes of praise,
And hearts of love, with true devotion, bring
Incense more pure to Heaven's eternal King."

This is indeed a beautiful Idyllic picture!

'Chicora' is a poem founded upon the superstitions and traditions of the Indians, and upon the incidents in the history of the Spanish adventurers led by De Ayllons, to the shores of South Carolina. It is a very animated performance, and is saturated with much of the spirit and action of the Provencal minstrel. We should like to give a sufficient number of extracts as would serve to unfold the story, but our space is too limited. At any rate we must point out a few "spice Islands" we have passed in "the sea" of his verse. Speaking of the poet's art he says, it is "to speak what others feel," and that he is

"Most happy when, in notes as clear
As mountain springs, as roses sweet,
Murmuring upon the unsated ear
With Music's voice, the listeners meet
Reflected their own thoughts and dreams,
Like banks of flowers in glassy streams:
Such is the song that ever lives,
From Avon's banks, from Scio's isle,
The song that Scotland's poet gives
Of glistening tear and sunny smile."

Here is a dainty little picture;

"The maiden to her listening ear,
Lifts the sea-couch where voices sleep,
And hears within or seems to hear,
Soft wailings for the parent deep;
Songs of the sea that ever fill
The pearly wreaths, unuttered still."

It is impossible to give the reader any just notion of this poemby mere segregated bits. He can only appreciate it by reading it entire. We close our citations with the following. An Indian lies sleeping,

"When at his door, of gentle mood
And beauteous form, a hunter stood;
A golden tassel crowned his head,
About his shoulders waving leaves
Of dark, rich verdure broadly spread,
And with them mixed were golden sheaves.
He smiled—the forest seemed more fair,
A fresher verdure clothed the ground;
He spoke—sweet music filled the air,
And fragrant odors lingered round;
'Bear with strong heart,' the stranger said,
'The burden on your courage laid;
Bear bravely; 'tis the good alone
To whom the nobler part is known,
Burdened to bear with spirits high,
Unshaken heart, unblushing eye,
And so achieve the good from heaven
To steadfast virtue only given.'"

We part company with Mr. Grayson after having enjoyed some pleasant hour him, if, in the words of Gray, he has not "passed the bounds of flaming space, where angels tremble as they gaze," he has at least shown a capability for giving electric force to the expression of noble sentiments and withering satire, and has proved himself a true lover of mankind by speaking brave and honest words in their behalf. He has painted the life of the slave in colors alike truthful and cheerful, exhibiting thereby a beauteous rainbow in the cloudy back ground of his existence. Only Shakspeare, incomparable in all things, has surpassed him in his picture of the slave's life. The immortal dramatist says that the slave "with a body filled, and vacant mind gets him to rest" and

"From the rise to set
Sweats in the eye of Phoebus, and *all night Sleeps* in Elysium—next day after dawn,
Doth rise, and help Hyperion to his horse."

If the harp of Mr. Grayson is not as sonorous and charming as that of Orpheus, it is nevertheless finely attuned, and full of melodious sounds. If his work is not a statue of Phidias, all gold and gems, it is by no means an ignoble work of art. We shall be glad to meet him again, or any son of the South who can make the soft lute discourse sweet music. Our southern clime has given to the world one poet, whose genius soared with a steady, broad sublime wing into the calm empyrean of poetry,

"Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot,
Which men call earth."

We mean Edgar Allan Poe. And although the career of his glorious star in our national firmament was alas too brief, it yet remained long enough to leave its trail inaffaceably impressed upon our literature, and its brightness still remains as undimmed as it was in its meridian ray. We believe that [illegible] writers will spring up in the sunny south whose intellectual greatness will shed an undying glory over our history as a nation—a glory which shall remain when this Giant Republic shall have become aged and decayed. Our best intellects, with a few exceptions, have hitherto entered too freely into the arena of party conflict—but perhaps the time will soon come when they shall start glowing and strong upon the race for immortality, and this latter half of the 19th century may give to the South a literature great and perpetual. INDICATOR.

Oxford, N. C.

For the Spirit of the Age.

BRO. GORMAN: This community has recently been unexpectedly called upon to mourn the loss of one of its most noble and highminded citizens.

Capt. David Canaday, of this town, on the 2nd day of February last, died of the yellow fever in St. Pierre, on the Island of Martinique. He had been for some time successfully engaged in the West India trade, and bid fair for a long and prosperous career. But, in the midst of his usefulness and in the prime of manhood, Providence has seen fit to summon him to another, and we trust, a far happier state of existence. Bro. Canaday, was, at the time of his death, a member of Beaufort Division, and a consistent Son of Temperance. And while this sad dispensation of an All-wise and merciful Creator, has fallen with crushing weight upon the Division of which he was an exemplary member, it has most sadly and grievously afflicted a widowed mother and several brothers and sisters. May He who "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," cause this most severe affliction to redound to the eternal welfare of his bereaved relatives and friends, and also, to that of the fraternity.

Yours, in L. P. & F.

Beaufort, N. C. R. W. C.

HALL OF BEAUFORT DIVISION, No. 38. Sons of Temperance,

At a regular meeting of the above Division, the following Preamble and Resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, The sad and mournful intelligence has reached our ears, that our beloved and much lamented brother, David Canaday, is no more; and whereas, in his untimely death a large circle of doting relatives and friends have been so sadly bereaved; therefore,

*Resolved*, That this Division has sustained in the death of Bro. Canaday, the loss of one of its most efficient and consistent members; one whose means and influence were ever exerted to advance the interest of the Sons of Temperance:

*Resolved*, That as a token of our respect and esteem for our deceased brother, we will wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

*Resolved*, That we share the sorrow and grief of his afflicted family and offer them the assurance of our deepest sympathy.

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased, and also to the "Spirit of the Age" for publication.

Respectfully submitted,
ELIJAH WHITEHURST,
THOMAS B. SEWELL,
R. W. CHADWICK, } Com.

THE DEATH OF JOE MORGAN'S LITTLE DAUGHTER.—She was wont to run over to the tavern in the evening to lead home her drunken father. Just as she was entering the door one night, Slade hurled a tumbler at her father, but it struck *her* on the head, and resulted in her death. Morgan bent down his ear.

"You will only have left," Mary said, "only mother. And she cries so much when you are away."

"I won't leave her, Mary, only when I go to my work," said Morgan whispering back to the child, "and I'll never go out at night any more."

"Yes, you promise me that."

"And I'll promise more."

"What, father?"

"Never to go into the tavern again."

"Never?"

"No, never. I'll promise still more."

"Father?"

"Never to take a drop of liquor as long as I live."

"Oh father! dear father!" and with a cry of joy Mary started up and threw herself upon his breast. Morgan drew his arm tightly around her, and sat for a long time with his lips pressed to her cheek—while she lay against his bosom as still as death. As death! Yes; for when the father unclasped his arms, the spirit of his child was with the angels of the resurrection.—*Ten Nights in the Bar Room.*

*How a man was Deprived of a Wife.*—In the New York Assembly at Albany, on Thursday last, the following proceedings took place:

Randall Breed put in a petition asking that his name might be changed to Lyman Breed Randall. The reason given was that the lady he desired to marry had an objection to the Breed, but was willing to unite herself to him provided that the prayer of his petition should be granted by the State, and his legal name changed to Randall. He therefore wished to put the Breed in the middle. He had nearly succeeded two years since in getting a bill through. It then passed the House, but was lost in the Senate for the want of two votes, thus depriving him for the time being of a wife.

## Choice Literature.

### THE RINGLETS.

I promised to tell you about "The Ringlets," did I? It's not much of a story, but such as it is you shall have it, and as there is no time better than now, just draw up to this honest, open fire, and listen. Turn down the gas, then there'll be light enough to be cosy, and not enough to see my blushes.

Time:—A great many years ago, and my Sophomore year in college.

Dramatis personæ:—Philip Hamilton, Esq., (that's my [illegible]) and Margaret Winfree, (that's the [illegible] fell in love with.)

As I said, I was a Sophomore. Well, I was younger than now, and had a heart that throbbed like a pocket volcano, at the sight of a handsome girl, especially if she had curls. 'Twas a fancy of mine then, that angels wore curls. I've lost that fancy now.

It was our spring vacation. During that time I visited the city of Albany, where I had an uncle living Taking a stroll one delightful spring morning through the suburbs of the city, I picked up a miniature of a beautiful boy, exquisitely painted on ivory. On the golden clasp was engraved the name "Isabella Delano." I applied to my uncle for information. From him I learned that Isabella Delano was the name of an elderly lady of Southern extraction, who had but recently come to the city. He had accidentally become acquainted with her through his profession—that of law—for to him she applied for aid in some moneyed transaction. "She attracted my attention somewhat," he said, "as she seems to be a lady of wealth, finely educated, accomplished, and evidently accustomed to polished society, but lives here in the most secluded manner, knowing no one and apparently seeking no acquaintances. She has taken a cottage a mile out, where she and her grand-daughter, who by the way is an orphan and a beautiful girl of some seventeen years, live entirely by themselves I will give you a note of introduction," he added, "to the old lady, and you can have the satisfaction of returning the miniature, and seeing the beautiful grand-daughter." I was not only willing but anxious. I found the cottage in a sung, quiet spot, nearly hidden in shrubbery, and the flower beds, and everything about, showed the hand of taste and culture.

A servant took my note of introduction and I was ushered into one of the most enchanting little parlors that ever greeted my vision. Two or three rich paintings hung upon the walls, a guitar was leaning upon a divan, [illegible] sheets of music were lying carelessly. A portfolio lay upon the table, upon which notes, letters and drawings in all stages of execution were scattered in profusion.

I had but a minute to make my observations. I was conscious of a foot-fall, turned and stood face to face with the "beautiful grand-daughter." Mrs. Lot couldn't have been more firmly rooted to the place where she stood, when she found herself a pillar of salt, than was I before this divinity. I had thought I knew what beauty was before, but now I confessed my ignorance. I shall not try to describe her. The attempt to put her beauty into language would be a certain failure. Her great point of attraction, for me, was her hair. It was neither the "raven black" of the novelist, nor the poet's "auburn," (which don't mean anything but red,) but peculiar, rich, golden brown,—a color that has no name, stolen from the dies of a summer sunset. It wasn't "put up," nor crimped, nor jiggered but hung in a cataract of dancing curls. She always wore her hair in this manner; hence her sobriquet of "The Ringlets." Her eyes were as indescribable as her hair. Of a color peculiarly her own, they would pass under the general name of blue, but of an intensity of meaning that may be felt, but not described. Did you ever see *speaking* eyes? Her eyes would say more in a single glance than the tongues of some girls I know would say in a life-time, if you'll believe me.

While I stood entranced, she spoke:—"Grandmother is ill this morning, she wishes to be excused, and desires me to receive Mr. Hamilton."

I made known my errand, and handed her the miniature. She gave a scream of delight, and with an "excuse me," disappeared.

She was gone. I *was* too. She soon came back—*I didn't*. I heard her voice—knew she was pouring out her thanks for restoring the miniature—had a vague impression of her saying something about her dear little brother in heaven—but the tones of her voice enthralled me, and rendered me oblivious to what she said. I was in a blissful stupor. I stammered out something, I don't know what, and started to go. She spoke of my uncle's kindness to them, since they had been in the city, and urged me to stay.—No; I was in a pressing hurry. In that voice, she asked me to call again, when she hoped her grandmother would be better. Thunder clouds and grindstones, what did I care for her grand-mother.

I had lost my appetite for that day. The idea of coming down to beef and potatoes was revolting. I did nothing all day but think of "The Ringlets," and resolve that the rest of my vacation should be spent in the city at Albany.

How the time past you can imagine, better than I can tell. Day after day found me at that cottage. The grandmother continued out of health, for which generosity I trust I was truly grateful.—"The Ringlets" and I were constant companions. She talked, and I was happy.—She sung, and I was in raptures. She took me by the hand, and I was delirious. Talks, and rides, and strolls by sunlight and moonlight and starlight,—dreamlight all to me,—filled up the hours, and made the days fly swifter than the clouds over our heads.

Vacation was ended, and I back at college. But her memory haunted me. The monotony of college life was intolerable.—I alleviated my misery by giving vent to my feelings in scores of epistles to the 'The Ringlets," and the reception of a letter written by her fair hand—and such a hand—made me happy for twenty-four hours of waking at least. Now and then, too, I stole away from college duties, (my health wouldn't bare close confinement,) and basked in the gleam of my charmer's eyes.

So passed the summer long.

Just before the summer vacation I received a note from "The Ringlets," saying that she was about starting to Glen Cove, a quiet watering place, to spend the remainder of the summer, and desiring me to join her there. Glen Cove was a delightful spot, distant but a few miles from my father's residence. I pretended to spend that vacation at home, but any one desirous of seeing me about those days, would have done well to have called at Glen Cove.

That passage of my life was an ecstactic dream. I was fairly beside myself. We were always together, Meg and I strolling on the sea shore, watching the restless tide, or sitting under the cliff listening to the roar of the waves, which to me chanted only the music of her name. Sundays found us ever at the little stone church in the village, where she went to worship God,—I to worship her.

During my acquaintance with Miss Margaret Winfree, alias "Ringlets," my curiosity, not to say jealously, had been frequently aroused, by ascertaining the fact that she was constantly receiving letters, superscribed in a bold, manly hand-writing. To my inquiries respecting the matter, she told me very honestly, that those letters were from a gentleman, Mr. Shipley by name, then in California, who had formerly been in business with her father, and upon his decease had taken charge of portions of his estate; that he often had occasion to write upon business relating thereto, and wrote to her, as her grandmother was too much of an invalid to be annoyed thereby. He was a very fine man, and wanted me to see him—thought I would like him exceedingly. I thought perhaps I should not. But at any rate, I didn't think it best to trouble myself unnecessarily, about the unknown Mr. Shipley. His chance for favor with "The Ringlets," was evidently small, while I was about. So I gave myself up to my dream of bliss, and forgot all cares and griefs, in her presence, while she was apparently in a state of satisfaction, to say the least, which I was at her side.

So matters rested, when a call of business summoned me from her. I was in an agony of impatience during my absence, and used all diligence, you may depend, to accomplish my duties and hasten to her, in whom my very life was bound up

It was just at evening when I met her again. I found her with a gentleman, a well built, manly looking fellow, and large enough to whip a church full like me, without puffing. A peculiar sensation thrilled me, and nearly rendered me powerless. She arose and taking me cordially by the hand, said—"Mr. Hamilton, this is Mr. Shipley, our friend of whom you have heard me so frequently speak." Her frank, honest hearted manner, restored me. We sat and chatted, under some restraint it is true, and perhaps my pulse was a little feverish. After a while Mr. Shipley went in search of the old lady, with whom he had business, and Maggie proposed a stroll in the garden. Her evident pleasure at seeing me again had quieted alarm: still I thought 'twould not be amiss to prosecute a few inquiries concerning Mr. Shipley. "So your friend has returned in my absence." I said. "Why did you not tell me he was coming?"

"Yes," she replied; "he arrived very unexpectedly. Business has called him suddenly home."

"You seem to like him very much."

"O, he is so kind to us," said she, with the most winning honesty.

"Do you know," said I, (and my heart began to flutter,) "do you know that I fancy you like Mr. Shipley much better than I wished you did?" She looked at me with surprise, and then with a face as if the most ridiculous idea in the world had just struck her, she burst into a rippling laugh and said, "Well! if you are not jealous! How perfectly absurd! I never once thought of Mr. Shipley as a lover before. What strange ideas you men have. Why! he is old enough to be my father!"

"I know that perfectly well," said I, "but are you sure you only regard him as a friend?"

With a look of reproach that scalded my very soul she asked, "And is this all the confidence you repose in me? Have I ever given you reason thus to doubt my truthfulness?"

I felt as wicked as if I had stolen something, and wanted to fall on my knees, pray for my pardon, and vow myself her slave forever. But 'twas in the garden, and I had on white pants; so that I didn't assume the praying attitude, but as if possessed of a devil, wickedly perished in my questions. "But tell me, are you perfectly sure, you regard Mr. Shipley as a friend?"

She picked a rose of the purest white, and placing it in my hand, said, with a look and voice in which sorrow and reproach were mingled. "When that rose blushes you may doubt me, but not before."

I was satisfied. I was a wretch—a fiend in human shape—to think for a minute there could be guile in that pure soul.

We found our way to a rustic seat under an old chestnut tree, and the evening sped over our heads to eternity The moon was hurrying to its setting, and the bell in the village church was tolling a very small hour, as I found my way to my room, but not to sleep.

The next morning I overslept far into the forenoon, and as I came down to breakfast, I received a billet from "the Ringlets." It read:

DEAR PHIL—

Mr. Shipley and I are to be married to-morrow, at the little stone chapel, where we have so often attended. This is (honestly) very unexpected to me; I thought it was to be deferred another year, but as we have been engaged for three years, Mr. Shipley is anxious the ceremony should be performed now. We leave immediately for New York en route for Europe. The services will be performed at 11 o'clock, and I shall of course see you at the chapel.

Lovingly yours,
MAGGIE.

P. S.—Be sure and come, as I wish to see you particularly before I go.

I wasn't at the chapel at 11 o'clock the next morning. That hour of the day found me as near as I can guess some fifty miles from that particular locality, flying as fast as steam could carry me, and with a decided impression that I had been struck by lightning.

That is my story of The Ringlets, and this is my

MORAL.—*Keep your eges very wide open when you deal with a pretty girl*, ESPECIALLY IF SHE WEARS CURLS.

### History of the Dred Scott Case.

As Dred Scott seems to have become quite a distinguished character, and is likely to figure extensively for some time to come in the political contests of the country, we subjoin the following brief history of his case, as furnished by the Washington Union:

Scott instituted a suit in the circuit court of Missouri to obtain a discharge from servitude for himself and family. On the trial it was proved that he had been originally a slave in Missouri; that his master first took him to the military post at Rock Island, in Illinois, and subsequently to Fort Snelling, in Minnesota, at a point north of the Missouri compromise line, and that he and his family subsequently returned with him to Missouri. It was contended in his behalf that inasmuch as his owner had voluntarily taken him to places where slavery did not exist by law, both he and his family became free, and remained so after returning to a slaveholding State. The circuit court decided in his favor.

On appeal to the Supreme Court of the State that tribunal held that he and his family, on returning to the State, continued slaves. Between the annunciation of the opinion of the court and the filing of its mandate in the circuit court, Scott voluntarily dismissed his suit in the State court, thus evading the decision against him; and thereupon instituted a other in the circuit court of the United States. In this [illegible] question of jurisdiction depended upon his being a citizen of Missouri, and the defendant a citizen of another State. If the court should be of opinion that he was a citizen, then he claimed that he was free, because his owner had taken him to Illinois, and also to a part of the Louisiana territory north of the compromise line.

The circuit court rendered final judgment against him; and thereupon he appealed to the Supreme Court of the United States, where the same questions were raised and twice argued by his counsel, and also determined against him. The cause was last argued by George T. Curtis, brother of Judge Curtis, and Montgomery Blair son of Francis P. Blair, for the plaintiff Scott, and by Senator Geyer and Reverdy Johnson for the defendant. On the first argument neither Mr. Curtis nor Mr. Johnson took part.

The fact that the court ordered a re-argument is ample proof of the importance of the questions involved and the difficulty of solving them. On the last argument the court was filled with intelligent and anxious listeners. The court took time to deliberate and prepare their opinions. Each judge formed and expressed his own. The reasons sustaining his conclusions are placed upon record by each, and his countrymen will read and reflect, and test them by the rules of common sense and every day reason. No judicial tribunal can reasonably object to criticisms based upon such principles. Truth will never suffer by being subjected to the standard of reason and right.

From this statement it is evident that Scott's name has been used by a class of slavery agitators for political effect. Having been beaten in Missouri and in the United States Circuit and Supreme Court, they now attempt, for the same purpose, to appeal from the decisions of the judiciary to political club rooms, where other considerations than calm reason and sober judgment are expected to prevail. Time will show whether they have calculated the result with accuracy.

"DREADS IT LIKE A DOG."—In the Court of Special Sessions this morning a man named Smith was arraigned for stealing a demijohn containing three gallons of whiskey. 'Are you guilty or not guilty?' asked the clerk. 'Wall, you can call it what you likes; I tuk the whiskey, that I admit, and *drinked* it too.' 'You took it without leave, did you not?' 'I never waits to be asked when *that* article's round.' 'You drink all you can get?' 'Try me and see, Judge; I reckon I'm experienced in that line o'trade.' 'I think from your appearance that no one will doubt your word on that point.' 'I can prove a character, if any body doubts it.' 'Nobody doubts *that*, and it will be necessary to send you to the penitentiary three months to get the whiskey out of you.' 'Can't stan' it, Judge! I've lived on the critter for fifteen years; it's been my meat AND drink, and you'd better hang me and done with it.' 'Its a pity, but there's no help for you; it will do you good to get sober.' 'Wall, if I must I must; but I'll tell you what 'tis Judge, I DREADS IT LIKE A DOG!'

*N. Y. Post.*

*Acquittal of Langhorne.* Edward Langhorne, charged with killing Charles Eddie, of Christiansburg, a fellow student, which occurred at Hampden Sidney College, not long since, was acquitted before the Circuit Court of Prince Edward co., on Tuesday. Evidence was elicited at this trial, which made the case plainly one of self defence.

## Educational.

For the Spirit of the Age.

Mr. Editor: Allow me a small space in your columns for the purpose of correcting some of the erroneous conclusions which, your correspondent "H. W. A." has drawn from an article in the 25th number of the Spirit of the Age.

I want "H. W. A." to recollect that I did not say that the general superintendent *can* do no good. There is sometimes a great difference between what a man *does* do and what he *can* do. With regard to his humbuging the Legislature, I said, "we do not blame him for taking the money when they give it to him." I did not say, if I mistake not, that the examining Committee of a certain county in North Carolina, were not "good men." Neither did I offer a remedy, either *short* or *long*, to prevent the Legislature from being deceived. There is one part of "H. W. A's" article which I do not understand, and would like to hear an explanation of it.—It is the following: "Were it not for the *delinquencies* of some of the subordinate officers, and these I admit exist, (this remedy,) is embraced in the laws already, passed and only want to be enforced to still improve the schools more." A. D.

For the Spirit of the Age.

### English Grammar made easy;

OR, PROF. BRANTLY YORK'S MODE OF TEACHING IT.

It is generally conceded, I believe, by those who know anything about the matter, that the study of the English Language is a very dull and irksome task; and in view of this fact various modes have been devised, and plan after plan adopted to render it more interesting to the student; but, so far as I have been able to learn, until the introduction of Prof. YORK'S system, every effort of the kind has ended in a failure. I mean every effort to make the study *interesting*,—no one denies but that Bullions Smith, and others, have many *improvements* on the old plan.

Mr. York gives his instructions orally, and accompanies them with copious illustrations on the black-board, thus reducing what is taught to *practice*, and at the same time rendering the study of this abstract science more interesting to the student.—We all know that the main difficulty in studying a language by note is, reducing what we learn to practice: the mind becomes so entangled and lost in the labaynth of complex rules that the studant with much difficulty comprehends his "grammar" after committing it to memory. On this subject, the learned Dr. Dick says: "It ought never to be forgotten, that the habit of accurate composition depends more on *practice*, and the study of good writers, than on a multitude of *rules*."

The reader must not infer from these remarks, that Mr. York teaches *without rules*: no, no; that milenium in the study of Grammar has not come yet. He not only has rules but makes use also of such terms as 'noun,' 'verb,' 'article,' 'preposition,' etc., etc.; but then he explains their *meaning*, connection, and bearing upon each other by his illustrations in such a manner that, forgetting your antipathy to these terms, you begin, perhaps for the first time in your life, to be pleased with and interested in the study of Grammar. I am not writing for the purpose of puffing this system beyond its merits: there are hundreds who have seen its practical working and *know* what I write to be true.—My limits will not allow me to enter into a detail of Mr. York's system; I will say, however, to those desirous of information on the subject: go and see and examine it for yourselves, and be convinced. If there is such a thing as 'English Grammar *made easy*,' it is this.

Prof. York has labored long and perseveringly in building up and establishing his system upon a firm basis, and should receive at the hands of the public that encouragement due to his zeal and untiring industry, if no more.

The great advantage that this plan has over the old system is, the shortness of the time required to study it—many of the students obtain a pretty correct knowledge of the grammar in twenty days, and most of them in sixty. This, in this age of steam and electricity is a great *desideratum*.

We need not be surprised at the existence of a strong prejudice against Mr. York's mode of teaching, for it is an innovation upon the established plan, and like all innovations, has to pass thro' the fiery ordeal of popular opinion before it can succeed. This, I doubt not, it has *metal* enough in it to do.

Mr. York has also, introduced a new plan of teaching Elocution, which will not fail to recommend itself to those desirous of becoming proficients in this useful branch of science.

I was present a few days ago at the examination of a Grammar class, taught on Mr. York's plan, in the western part of this (Stanly) County, by Wm. A. Lineberry, Esqr., and must say that I was not only satisfied of the superiority of this mode of teaching, but was really astonished at the proficiency made by those examined. A number of the class had been under his instruction but twenty days—yet notwithstanding the shortness of the time, and the fact that some of them could scarcely read before, they went through the exercises on the black-board with as much apparent ease as if they had been studying the language as many months. His class had also made rappid progress in acquiring a knowledge of Elocution: the exercises in declaiming at the close of the examination, gave evidence of the superiority of Mr. York's mode of teaching this branch of science.

I take much pleasure in recommending Mr. Lineberry to the favorable notice of the public. He is a young man of good morals, industrious, and attentive to the interests of those placed under his care. A. J. G.